Hunted Down

By C. B. LEWIS

Cappright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

When the men sent out by the Big Fluor Cattle company in search of new sturage reached the Wind river valalmost the first thing their eyes d on was a drove of wild horses whering thirty. The drove was led a stalllon whose grace and beauty ked unbounded admiration. Some The drove had escaped from bond-ing to roam the plains free from the matraints of man, but the leader had excelve been foaled in some quiet cover mong the foothills, and his mother and kept guard over him while the wolves circled around and ad their teeth in hunger.

We had been born as free as the air at him, and when his muscles had saddened he had galloped with a herd s and down the valley for 200 miles with and south. He had braved the seas winters, the cuming of the sizes, the spring of the mountain in the greed and cruelty of the sed in the freed and cruelty of the sed in drove, five or six years old, black and hight, with the exception of the drive star on his forehead, and there are a beauty and a defiance about the that appealed to the little band—

That one.

"Ease me put a bullet inside that mer" he said as he pointed his rifle.

"If you do, I will put one through mer head!" replied the leader, and he

s backed up by his two compani She five minutes every horse in the war stood there with head and tail and nostrils quivering and flanks swing, and then at a signal from ler they were away like the

was through these men that the Four outfit heard of the black see. The coming of men and cattle we him and his fellows down to the end of the valley, a hundred away, but now and then they med to have a longing to revisit the pastures, and they came sweeping They never came during the first any one knew of their was the sound of their thuddiag hoofs. Three times in the course of a year they stampeded the cattle, and then the foreman ordered their de-servation. The next time they came

ing up the valley they were to be

mie targets of. There was grumbling among the men.

If frove of wild horses is always a herd of steers, but it went minst the grain of the men born in edom themselves to shoot down ter of God's creatures. The wolf, he coyote, the lion—yes, they were man's enemies, but the wild horses were his friends. If they were not under his hand and obedient to him they were still his friends. Ever since men and horses were, a bond of friendship isse existed between them. When the seems came again a few shots were and the herd escaped material damage. he foreman saw how it was with his merboys. It was so with his own conand he did not blame them.

But the drove must go. There were was ever at San Blas who would do arthing for money, even to the taking figuran life. For a certain price per There were four of them, ent they rode away secretly and swore He foreman to secrecy. They had to. The cowboys would have called it murer and demanded revenge. The few see rough and hardy men who were sling with nature in the rough, but by would not have tolerated the

quartet found the drove and beskulked and sneaked on foot and ed their game as the panther It was from no feeling of sentiwest that they spared the black horse. It had been agreed from the first to gure him till the last and then seek merapture him alive. It took weeks to smak the rest of the drove. When the sames found death on their trail they ME the broad pastures and sought the greez coves, making far into the moun-They spread out so as to leave as trail and ceased to whinny. By they hid themselves among the and cedars and came out only at nught to feed.

mountain lions aided the hunt-They ambushed horse after horse and pulled them down, and the fierce estite of terror. To the north were the estilemen, to the south advancing estilization. The poor horses were

mmed between, By and by the hunters gleefully reperted that only one horse was left— the black leader. He could not have see sped bullets had they been minded see shoot him, but he had outwitted the weives and the lions, and when his ast companion went down he uttered a shrill neigh of deflauce and vanished in the distance. Word was sent up and down the valley that he was to be hunted to his capture. The cowbe ninted to his capture. The cow mays would have nothing to do with it, that there were a score of others who entered into the chase gleefully and sweddily. The man who captured the black horse could put his own price on

w station themselves up and down the railey at intervals and to keep the stack horse moving until he fell from schaustion. It would seem almost as the summer breeze whispered the French.

"Show us," they howled—"show us that fellow who was singing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' only a few schaustion. It would seem almost as the summer breeze whispered the French.

peared as if the earth had swallowed him up, and he was not found for a month. Then one day a man penetrated a wild, dark gorge leading into the mountain, and when he had followed it for a quarter of a mile it debouched and grass were plentiful, and the black horse had lived in safety. On the grass lay the decaying bodies of four timber wolves that had met death while trying to pull him down. He had courage as well as beauty.

The presence of the man drove the horse out into the valley, and then the chase was taken up. It began one morning at daylight.

The chase was cruel and later on led to quarrels wherein men lost their lives. For five miles each hunter pursued the black horse at top speed and then he rested. Confident of his speed and strength, the lone horse moved off with a defiant air. There was not a moment's rest for him all day long. Three or four times he buried his muzzle in the ice cold waters of the creeks as he came to them. The coming of night gave him no relief. It was moonlight and the chase still con-

For seventy miles the black horse held his course up the valley. Then he turned and retraced his steps. Again he went up the valley, but when he had covered fifty miles he stopped and stood at bay. He had done all that a horse could do, and more. He had covered 160 miles of distance almost without breaking his gait. When he stopped almals were given for the stopped, signals were given for the men above and below to close in, and by and by there were a dozen in a circle around him. Lassos were made ready, but the men quarreled among themselves as to who had the best right. While the war of words was going on the black horse could have wheeled and broken through, but he realized that his race was run. It was bright moonlight, and he stood blowing the steam from his nostrils and his head was never held higher. His limbs trembled, but with weak-ness instead of fright. His eyes had lost their fire, but the race he had run was to be talked about for twenty

years to come.
Suddenly three or four men began to whiri their lassos and others pre-pared to shoot, and it was then that the black horse uttered a sobbing neigh, tossed his proud head high and sank down with a sigh and was dead ere any man had laid hand on his forelock. Captivity was not for him.

A Story of Horace Greeley

One of the stories told of Horace Greeley in Wilder's "The Sunny Side of the Street" is a curious rendering into vernacular experience of the ancient Horace's theater going gentleman of Argos, with his retort, "Cui sic extorta voluptas et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error:"

A friend—one of the wise, observant, upsetting kind of friends—called on Greeley one cold winter day and found the great journalist with a favorite book in his hand, a beatific smile on his face and his feet even the species. face and his feet over the register. The visitor had previously been through the building and learned that the furnace had gone wrong and been re-moved, the cold air five could not be closed and zero air was coming through all the registers, so he said:

"Mr. Greeley, why do you keep your feet there? There is no heat—only cold

air is coming up!"

Greeley tumbled out of his chair and in the childish whine that always came to him when he was excited replied:
"Why didn't you let me alone?

was entirely comfortable, but now I'm near you I'm frozen."

Telling His Name.

Lord Rathmore was formerly plain

David Plunkett. Shortly after he was raised to the peerage he took a trip to the Riviera. The French railway company reserved a carriage for his private use. At some unknown hour of the night the door of the carriage was suddenly opened. A lantern was flashed upon him, and a voice sharply cried, "Votre nom?" ("Your name?") Lord Rathmore, wakened out of his sleep, looking up in a partly dazed condition, discovered a railway official on his way round for tickets, Lord Rathmore's name was on the paper atfixed to the window, marking the compartment as reserved. The official desired to identify the occupant of the carriage with the person to whose use it was inscribed. "Votre nom?" he sternly repeated, seeing the passenger hesitate. There sprang to Lord Rathmore's lips the familiar "David Plunkett." Happily he remembered in time he was no longer David Plunkett, but for the life of him he could not remember what title in the peerage he had selected. It seemed half an hour to him before he could remember "Rathmore."

The Man They Wanted. The great ship labored in the storm Ever and anon a giant wave would throw the steel leviathan on her beam ends, and at each shock the heads of the passengers would knock in an anvil chorus against the sides of their berths. At this critical moment, with

berths. At this critical moment, with a roar that rose above the fury of the hurricane, a mob of determined men burst upon the deck.

"Mutiny!" gasped the mate.

"No, they are cabin passengers," said the captain. "Now, gentlemen, you must go below. There really is no danger."

"Yes there is danger for a Longh."

"Yes there is-danger for a Jonah who is on this ship," came back the

"Who do you mean, gentlemen?" asked the captain.
"Show us," they howled—"show us

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DREADFUL DREAMS.

They Shock the Nervous System and May Even Cause Death,

People have actually been killed by dreams. Most persons have suffered from those terrible nightmare visions in which the victim is pursued by ar assassin with upraised knife or is trembling on the edge of a fearful precipice or is in some other cominent danger of a sudden and terrible death These dreams are common enough, and nearly always the sufferer awakes, thankful and happy at his escape. But sometimes he doesn't awake. Some times the knife falls or the sleeper in

his hallucinations plunges down the precipice. These are the dreams that kill, says the Chicago Tribune.

In cases where dreams kill there is a sort of combined action between the dream and the disease through which doubt is accomplished. In the first death is accomplished. In the first place the dream is usually the product of the disease. A person may have heart disease which never asserts itheart disease which never asserts itself or allows the victim in any way to know of its presence until the fact is disclosed in a frightful dream. Moreover, terrifying dreams are often the first evidence of heart disease. Then the frequent recurrence of these dreams, dealing repeated shocks to the nervous system, aggravates the disease multiple the heart is so weak that one rienced one of the sensuous delights of until the heart is so weak that one more shock is sufficient to cause death. If a person has had dreams it does essarily follow, however, that he has heart disease. Dreams indicating heart disease are usually of a terrifying nature and relate to death. On awakening the sufferer will notice a violent heart palpitation. Chronic pericarditis is always preceded by horrible dreams, such as that of being thrown into a lake of fire or being crushed in a railroad wreck or burned by a vol-

canic eruption.

The approach of insanity may also be revealed by unpleasant dreams, or insanity may be hastened by such dreams. There are many cases on record where a person has been driven insane by a dream.

Bee comb or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the, "wax pockets" which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiments carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively prove that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a

INLAND BATHING.

It Furnishes One of the Sensuous Delights of Existence.

Quiet inland bathing offers you no extravagant opportunities to be a poseur. If the water is warm, you loll in it at your ease; your mind is soon stupefied by the sensuousness in which you are infolded; the interest of your sleepy eyes does not extend beyond the gentle ripples that widen away from the slow, submerged strokes of your arms. After awhile you roll over on your back and drowsily execute at intervals a languid "shoe fly" leg motion, while you look drowsily up into the void. Now and then you will raise your arms and flap them down through the water like a pair of sweeps. It is only a tired sort of effort, and finally, is only a tired sort of effort, and anally, in the supreme abandonment of indolence, you lay your head back—far back—until the water creeps up about your eyelids. You stretch out legs and arms motionless and lie, breathing tranquilly, sensible of no other movement in the world than the slight flux and client of the water upon your heavens. rienced one of the sensuous delights of existence. Unfortunate man who goes to his grave believing that there is nothing better than bed for weary limbs and jaded brain!-Arthur Stanwood Pier in Atlantic.

THE PHENIX.

Legend of How It Lived and Died and Lived Again. The ancient tradition concerning th

phenix has introduced into nearly ev-ery language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rain contained nearly every tint of the rain-bow, and its eyes sparkled like dia-monds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aro-matic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiments carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively prove that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, aithough confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.

His Regret.

Blobbs—Buggins' wife says he is a model husband. Slobbs—Yes, and he used to be such a good fellow 100—Philadalphia Record.

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